

## IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

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### NOTES ON THE PLAY

When this play was published, Dennis E. Noble, the author, was a Shubert Playwriting Fellow and Ph. D. candidate at the University of Colorado. Mr. Noble had this to say about his play:

“‘A Game’ begins as farce and ends in deadly earnest. I realize that it is unusual to shift from one mood completely to its opposite. But it was in this move from the comic to the serious that I hoped to keep the characters simple in order to hinder emotional identification with them. The characters exist in this play in the service of an idea, and I wished that the dramatization of that idea would strike the viewer hard. And it is in the violent impact of the ending that I hoped the viewer would share Dr. Henning’s confusion, and complain as does he: ‘But it’s only a game!’ And it is a game, this playing with nationalism. But it is a deadly game. It kills.”

Perhaps this play gives an insight to the question, “Why is there so much hate in the world?” Why does Country A hate Country B? Why does one section of our nation despise another section? Why does one college consider another college its enemy? Why must I weep and hang the coach in effigy if your school’s football team beats my school’s football team? What extra importance do I attach to something just because it’s MINE?

In this script—which can be staged simply or with multimedia effects—Mr. Noble has combined fantastical elements of the Theatre of the Absurd with realistic aspects of the traditional theatre to produce a play with a powerful impact.

## **A GAME**

Dennis E. Noble's *A Game* was a winner in the 1971 nationwide play-writing contest conducted by Jacksonville University, Jacksonville, Fla. It was presented at Jacksonville University June 9-12, 1971, with an all-girl cast under the direction of Ralph Andrews:

Dr. Henning . . . . .	Florence M. Sikes
Carter . . . . .	Nancy Blocksidge
Baker . . . . .	Judy Alperin
Edson . . . . .	Bette Green

This acting script and the accompanying Director's Production Script were based on a performance at the Schulenburg Theatre Festival April 7 and 8, 1972, with the following cast under the direction of Patrick Castle of Texas A & M University:

Dr. Henning . . . . .	Keith Deterling
Carter . . . . .	Mark Meyer
Baker . . . . .	Billy Wagner
Edson . . . . .	Ray Grasshoff

Scene: A bare room

Time: The present



### **A Director's Production Script is available for this play**

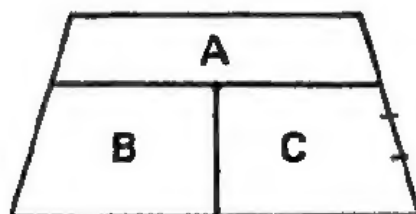
Stage directions in this acting script have been kept to a minimum because actors are more likely to create their own business if they are forced to use their imagination. However, full stage directions are given in the Director's Production Script which accompanies this play.

In addition, the Director's Production Script (director's prompt book) contains drawings of costumes and set, full discussion of characterization and other aspects of staging, a discussion of the play and its background, and other information helpful to the experienced and inexperienced director alike. A Director's Production Script may be obtained from the publisher.

# A Game

By Dennis E. Noble

*[The scene is a bare room with one chair at Up Center and a lightbulb hanging about seven feet above the stage. Lines drawn on the floor divide the stage into three areas. Area A is located upstage and runs the width of the stage. Area B encompasses the right half of the stage below A, and Area C is the left half of the stage below A (see diagram below). Each area shares a border with the other two and is equal in the amount of space within its borders. There are no windows. A door opens into the room at Stage Left (in Area C).]*



*DR. HENNING enters, looks about the room, checks the bulb, and flips through charts on a clipboard which he is carrying. He hears a noise. He turns toward the door. His subjects have arrived. They enter three abreast.]*

HENNING. Ah, here at last. Well, Mr. Edson...

*[The three MEN stop opposite Dr. Henning.]*

BAKER. I'm not Edson. I'm Baker. *[To CARTER, who is in the center of the trio]* Are you Edson?

CARTER. No, I'm not Edson. I'm Carter. *[To Edson]* Are you Edson?

EDSON. Yes, I'm Edson.

CARTER. How do you do? I'm Baker and this is Carter.

BAKER. No. You're Carter and I'm Edson.

CARTER. Oh, that's right. [*To Baker*] I'm sorry, Mr. Edson.

EDSON. He's not Edson. I'm Edson. [*Of Baker*] He's Carter.

BAKER. Are you sure?

CARTER. He doesn't look like Carter.

HENNING. Gentlemen, I know you from your pictures on file in my office, so let me introduce us. [*To Baker*] You're Baker. [*To Carter*] You're Carter. [*To Edson*] You're Edson. And I'm Dr. Henning.

CARTER. [*To Edson*] It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Edson.

EDSON. [*To Carter*] The pleasure is mine, Dr. Henning. [*Shake hands*]

CARTER. [*Shakes Baker's hand*] Mr. Baker.

BAKER. Dr. Henning.

HENNING. No, no, gentlemen. I'm Dr. Henning.

CARTER. [*To Baker*] If you're Baker; [*to Edson*] you're Edson; [*to Dr. Henning*] and you're Dr. Henning, then who is Carter?

HENNING. You're Carter.

CARTER. I'm Carter?

HENNING. Yes.

EDSON. He doesn't look like Carter.

CARTER. [*To Baker*] It's a pleasure to know you, Mr. Edson. My name is Carter. [*Shakes his hand*]

BAKER. It's my pleasure.

CARTER. [*To Edson*] Mr. Baker. [*Shakes his hand*]

EDSON. Mr. Carter.

HENNING. Your name tags, gentlemen. Look at your name tags.

CARTER. That's strange. It appears that my name is Edson, after all.

BAKER. And mine is Dr. Henning.

EDSON. And I'm Carter.

HENNING. [*Looking at his tag*] And I'm Baker. No, those names are all wrong! I know I'm Dr. Henning. I can prove it. [*Recites*] "Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny."

CARTER. Did you ever hear such a thing?

BAKER. That's deep.

EDSON. What does it mean?

HENNING. We in the behavioral sciences leave such matters to our undergraduates.

CARTER. Then you must be Dr. Henning.

HENNING. I am! I am!

CARTER. [*Shakes his hand*] It's a pleasure to meet you, Dr. Henning. I'm...[*looks at his tag*] I'm not Edson!

BAKER. [*Shakes his hand*] How do you do, Dr. Henning. I'm...[*looks at his tag*] I'm not Dr. Henning!

EDSON. [*Shakes his hand*] It's a great pleasure, Dr. Henning. I'm...[*looks at his tag*] I'm not Carter!

HENNING. Gentlemen, gentlemen...please. We must have order.

BAKER. He's a scientist, all right.

EDSON. Yes. Scientists are dependent upon order.

HENNING. [*To Baker*] Give me my name tag, please. [*BAKER does so.*] Thank you. And this one is yours. [*Hands Baker his name tag; looks at Carter and Edson*] Now if you will exchange your name tags, please. [*They do so.*] Will you read your names?

CARTER. I'm Carter.

EDSON. I'm Edson.

BAKER. I'm Baker.

HENNING. And I'm...I'm...[*looks at his name tag*] Dr. Henning.

CARTER. [*Starts to shake hands again*] It's a pleasure...

HENNING. No, never mind. I don't think that will be necessary. Well, gentlemen, I suppose you're wondering why you are here.

BAKER. I'm not wondering. [*To Edson*] Were you wondering, Edson?

EDSON. No, I'm not wondering. [*To Carter*] Were you wondering, Carter?

CARTER. About what?

EDSON. I've forgotten. Now what was I wondering about?

BAKER. I wonder.

HENNING. You are here, gentlemen, to play a game.

CARTER. A game?

HENNING. A game.

BAKER. You want us to play a game?

HENNING. Yes.

EDSON. You want the three of us to play a game?

HENNING. Yes.

CARTER. All right.

BAKER. What kind of a game?

HENNING. An experiment.

CARTER. Experiment?

EDSON. I used to play that, but my mother caught me and gave me a spanking.

HENNING. No, you don't understand. The game is not called "experiment". It *is* an experiment. It's an experiment in mind-warping through participatory sloganism.

CARTER. Did you ever hear such a thing?

BAKER. That's deep.

EDSON. What does it mean?

HENNING. We want to determine the effectiveness of modern advertising in its manipulation of the buying public.

BAKER. Manipulation?

EDSON. I used to do that, but my mother caught me and gave me a spanking.

HENNING. Gentlemen, please. You must pay attention. Now, you will notice that there is, in this room, a light, a chair, and the door by which you entered.

BAKER. Hey, I didn't notice that.

CARTER. Scientists are supposed to notice things like that.

EDSON. I noticed it.

BAKER. You did? I didn't.

EDSON. Well, I did.

CARTER. I notice some lines on the floor, Dr. Henning.

EDSON. I noticed that, too.

BAKER. You did? I didn't.

HENNING. [*Bursting in*] Those lines on the floor divide the room into three separate but equal sections.

CARTER. How about that?

EDSON. I didn't notice *that*.

BAKER. I didn't, either.

HENNING. Choose one of those sections for this experiment by standing in the middle of it.

BAKER. You want us to stand in the middle of it?

HENNING. [*In exasperation*] Just do as I ask! [*They all move to the same section.*] No, separate sections. [*They make the adjustment. CARTER is in Area A, EDSON in Area B, and BAKER in Area C.*] Now, that is your territory. You own it.

BAKER. I own this section?

HENNING. Yes.

EDSON. And I own this section?

HENNING. Yes.

CARTER. I don't like this game.

HENNING. [*He hurries.*] Here, take these. [*He hands each of them a piece of paper.*] Commit those words to memory. You will repeat those words, in unison, whenever that light comes on. And you must finish your recitation before the light goes off. Are there any questions?

CARTER. I don't like this game.

BAKER. That isn't a question.

CARTER. It isn't?

BAKER. No.

CARTER. Oh.

EDSON. [*Reading*] "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine." [*Pause; to Henning*] That's all?

HENNING. That's all.

BAKER. And you want us to repeat this?

HENNING. Yes.

CARTER. Whenever the light comes on?

HENNING. Yes.

EDSON. And finish before it goes off?

HENNING. Yes.

CARTER. I don't like this game.

HENNING. Now, when the door is closed, the light is activated. So when I leave, the game will begin.

EDSON. You're going to leave?

HENNING. Yes.

BAKER. Why?

HENNING. Because my presence might affect your response.

BAKER. You won't affect my response. Will he affect your response, Edson?

EDSON. No, he won't affect my response, either. Will he affect your response, Carter?

CARTER. What response?

EDSON. I don't know.

BAKER. What response, Dr. Henning?

HENNING. I'll be watching and listening at my instrument

panel. Have fun, gentlemen. [*Goes to door*] Remember, you must enter the game with spirit. [*He exits. Instantly, the light comes on.*]

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

[*They stumble over the words and are not in unison. When they finish, they remain rigidly in place, waiting for the light to come on again. They wait...and finally...*]

BAKER. What's the name of this game, Edson?

EDSON. I don't know.

CARTER. What's the point of this game, Baker?

BAKER. I don't know.

EDSON. How do we play this game, Carter?

CARTER. I don't know.

[*Light*]

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

[*They wait.*]

BAKER. Do you think Dr. Henning knows?

EDSON. He should know.

CARTER. After all, it's his game.

EDSON. And besides, he's a scientist.

CARTER. Scientists are supposed to know all about such things.

BAKER. What things?

CARTER. Games.

[*Light*]

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

EDSON. If we don't know what the game is, how do we know when it's over?

BAKER. Dr. Henning will tell us.



EDSON. Dr. Henning isn't here.

BAKER. Hey, that's right.

CARTER. He'll come back.

EDSON. How do you know he will?

CARTER. Do you think he's just going to leave us here?

EDSON. How do we know he won't?

BAKER. Hey, that's right.

[*Light*]

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

BAKER. You go ask him, Edson.

EDSON. All right. [*He starts to cross into Baker's territory.*]

BAKER. Stop. You didn't say, "May I." You go, Carter.

CARTER. May I?

BAKER. Yes.

CARTER. I don't want to.

BAKER. You've got to. I gave you permission.

CARTER. I don't like that game.

BAKER. I'll do it, then. [*He tries to open the door. It's locked; he knocks; no response; he knocks again.*] He doesn't answer.

EDSON. He's locked us in.

CARTER. I have to go to the bathroom.

EDSON. Why do you think he locked us in?

BAKER. Maybe he doesn't want us to get out.

CARTER. Why wouldn't he want us to get out?

EDSON. Maybe he wants us to stay here.

CARTER. That's probably it.

BAKER. I have to go to the bathroom.

[*Light*]

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

EDSON. I have to go to the bathroom.

CARTER. I wonder why there's only one chair in here?

EDSON. I wonder if he'll let us go to the bathroom?

CARTER. [*Moves to Stage Center where all three areas share a*

*common border; looks at markings]* Do you think it'll give me a shock if I touch it?

BAKER. No, it won't give you a shock.

EDSON. How can it give you a shock? There aren't any wires.

BAKER. Go ahead. Touch it.

CARTER. Why don't you?

BAKER. What? And get a concussion?

EDSON. How can you get a concussion? There aren't any wires.

BAKER. Then you do it.

EDSON. What? And get electrocuted?

CARTER. I'll do it. [*He puts his foot out and very gently touches the border. Nothing happens. He places his foot down more firmly. And then he rests his entire weight on his foot. Nothing*]

[*Light*]

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

[*CARTER looks at his foot. EDSON and BAKER look at Carter.*]

EDSON. [*Quietly*] Get your foot off my property, Carter.

BAKER. And mine, too, Carter.

[*CARTER regards them curiously for a moment, and then moves back into his own territory.*]

CARTER. [*Looking at his property*] You know, I think Henning made an error.

BAKER. In what way?

CARTER. My territory is smaller than yours.

EDSON. No, it isn't. They're all the same size.

CARTER. Look at it. See? Doesn't mine look smaller?

[*EDSON and BAKER look.*]

BAKER. It's the shape, that's all. Yours has a different shape.

CARTER. Do you think that's it?

EDSON. Yes, Baker's right. It's the shape.

CARTER. It looks smaller to me.

EDSON. That's because you're standing in it. If you were where we are, you could tell they're the same.

CARTER. Why don't we reset the boundaries so that our properties will be the same shape as well as the same size?

BAKER. Why should we do that?

CARTER. So that there won't be any doubt about it.

BAKER. There's no doubt in my mind.

EDSON. Mine, either.

CARTER. Well, there is in mine. I think Henning made a mistake.

BAKER. Look, Carter. I'm perfectly satisfied with my borders as they are. I don't want them moved. Is that clear?

CARTER. What are you getting so excited about? All I want to do is adjust some boundaries.

EDSON. They belong to us, Carter. So leave them alone.

CARTER. They're my borders, too.

BAKER. Then move them into your own territory, not into ours.

CARTER. You'd like that, wouldn't you? You're after my land, aren't you? Both of you.

EDSON. You're getting upset over nothing, Carter. Now, calm down.

[*Light*]

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

CARTER. If my territory is so important to you, go on, take it.

BAKER. I don't want it.

EDSON. Now, Baker, don't be too hasty. If he's willing to give up part of his territory, we'd be fools not to take advantage of it.

CARTER. I changed my mind. You can't have it.

[*BAKER walks about his territory.*]

CARTER. What are you doing, Baker?

BAKER. I'm inspecting my country, of course. What do you think I'm doing?

CARTER. Well, don't get too close to mine while you're doing it. [*He moves to protect his border and in doing so treads on theirs.*]

BAKER. Stay off my border.

EDSON. That's enough, Carter. You're deliberately trying to provoke us.

CARTER. I am not. Can I help it if I have so little room that I can't move without stepping on a border?

EDSON. You have just as much room as we do.

BAKER. Stay on your own property.

CARTER. If I want to cross my own border, I'll do so.

EDSON. I wouldn't try it if I were you, Carter. This is my land. *MINE!* And you stay off it!

BAKER. You know, I just realized something. My boundaries are much more strategically placed than yours.

EDSON. What do you mean "more strategically placed"? They're the same as ours.

BAKER. They are not. I have the door.

CARTER. You don't have the door. The door belongs to all of us.

BAKER. It does not. It's on my property.

EDSON. It is not on your property, Baker. It signifies the boundary of your property. Carter's right. If it belongs to anyone, it belongs to all of us.

BAKER. So you say. But if you had the property, I bet you'd claim the door was yours.

EDSON. Don't be silly, Baker. Of what possible use would a door be to me?

[*BAKER has no answer.*]

[*Light*]

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

CARTER. Well, I have the chair.

BAKER. So what?

CARTER. You don't have one.

BAKER. Why should I want one?

CARTER. That's easy to say, since you don't have one.

EDSON. Carter, will you shut up.

CARTER. Ah, ha. You want my chair, too, don't you?

EDSON. No, I don't want your chair.

CARTER. You do so. That's why you want me to shut up. You're jealous because you don't have one.

EDSON. Now, tell me, Carter. What possible advantage is there in having a chair.

CARTER. [*He thinks about it.*] I can sit down on it.

BAKER. Well, we can sit down on the floor.

CARTER. Yes, but the floor isn't as clean as the chair. And, besides, the chair's more comfortable.

EDSON. I assure you, Carter, your silly chair is of no interest to me.

CARTER. [*Laughs and then chants*] Edson wants my chaaaair. Edson wants my chaaaaaaair.

EDSON. Will you shut up. I don't want your chair. I don't need it. [*He looks around.*] I've got something better.

BAKER. What? What do you have?

EDSON. Never mind.

CARTER. You do not have something better.

EDSON. I do so.

CARTER. What is it, then?

BAKER. Yes, Edson, what is it?

EDSON. My area is larger than yours.

BAKER. It is not. You heard Henning. The room is equally divided.

TOGETHER. [*Without the light as catalyst*] "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

EDSON. That's what he said. But it isn't true. My area is actually larger than yours.

CARTER. It is not.

EDSON. Yes, it is.

CARTER. No, it isn't. It just has a different shape, that's all.

EDSON. That is not all. My area is larger. I measured it.

BAKER. How could you measure it? You don't have a measuring tape.

EDSON. I paced it off.

CARTER. [*Derisively*] He paced it off!

EDSON. I did so.

BAKER. Maybe you did, Edson. But you didn't pace our area off.

EDSON. So?

BAKER. So if you didn't pace our area off, how do you know that your area is larger?

CARTER. Yes, Edson, how do you know?

EDSON. Henning told me.

CARTER. He did not.

EDSON. He did, too.

BAKER. Then why didn't we hear him?

EDSON. Because he whispered it to me.

BAKER. You're lying, Edson.

EDSON. Why would I lie? What purpose would I have in lying?

BAKER. [*Moves closer to Carter*] Do you think he's lying, Carter?

CARTER. Probably.

EDSON. I am not.

CARTER. Why should Henning tell you something like that?

EDSON. Because it's true.

CARTER. But why should he say it?

EDSON. How should I know?

BAKER. I'll tell you why. Because it didn't happen, that's why. You invented it.

EDSON. If you wish to believe that, you may.

BAKER. How noble of you.

[*Silence*]

CARTER. Well, I still have the best territory.

BAKER. You have not.

CARTER. The chair, remember?

BAKER. He's right, Edson. I forgot about the chair.

EDSON. [*Derisively*] The chair. Don't you see that it's to our advantage that he has the chair?

BAKER. How?

CARTER. Yes, Edson, how?

EDSON. With the chair in the middle of his property, he ends up with less room than us.

BAKER. Less...yes, that's right!

CARTER. It is not.

EDSON. It is so. Because of that precious chair of yours, we have more territory than you do.

CARTER. You do not. I can move the chair.

EDSON. Yes, but no matter where you move it, it still takes up space.

BAKER. [*Chants*] Carter has less room than uuuus. Carter has less...

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

CARTER. I do not. Because of this chair, I actually have more room than you.

EDSON. How, Carter? How?

CARTER. I have two levels, and you only have one.

BAKER. But it takes up space.

CARTER. No, it provides more space.

BAKER. How?

CARTER. I have more surfaces than you. I have the sides of the chair as well as the top.

EDSON. What good are the sides of a chair?

CARTER. [*He can't answer that one.*] And mine is more scenic than yours.

EDSON. It is not.

CARTER. It is, too. Yours is flat and unimaginative. I have mountains.

BAKER. Mountains. Ha, ha, ha. Mountains!

CARTER. If I want my chair to be mountains, who are you to criticize?

EDSON. Oh, come now, Carter. Aren't you going a little too far? I mean, mountains! Ha, ha ha.

BAKER. And besides, my ocean is much more attractive than your mountains.

EDSON. Ocean? Where is your ocean?

BAKER. [*Points to his downstage area*] Right there.

EDSON. How can that possibly be an ocean?

BAKER. If I want it to be an ocean, it'll be an ocean.

CARTER. You can't just make an ocean, you know.

BAKER. Why not?

CARTER. Why, you just can't, that's all. It's not fair.

BAKER. Well, if you can have mountains, I don't see why I can't have an ocean.

EDSON. It's because you don't have anything to make an ocean from, that's why.

BAKER. If a chair can be mountains, why can't the floor be an ocean?

CARTER. [*Triumphantly*] Then where is the land, Baker?

BAKER. What?

EDSON. Yes, Baker, where is the land?

BAKER. [*He is silent a moment, pondering the callousness of fate.*] It's not fair for Carter to have a chair.

EDSON. That's right, Carter. You have to give up your chair.

CARTER. I do not have to give it up. It's mine and I'm keeping it.

EDSON. It gives you an unfair advantage over us.

CARTER. You should have thought of that before.

BAKER. How were we supposed to know how important it would be?

CARTER. That's not my problem.

EDSON. Come on, Carter. Either share the chair, or give it up.

[*EDSON steps toward Carter.*]

CARTER. You stay away from my border.

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

BAKER. It's not fair, is it, Edson?

EDSON. No, it isn't.

CARTER. And I can stand on it, too. [*He does so.*]

EDSON. So what, Carter?

CARTER. Don't you see?

EDSON. No, I don't.

CARTER. This makes me God.

BAKER. It does not make you God.

CARTER. It does so.

EDSON. How can standing on a chair make you God?



CARTER. Because I am higher than you are.

EDSON. Somehow the logic escapes me.

CARTER. Well, it makes me a king, then.

BAKER. It does not.

CARTER. It does, too.

BAKER. How does it?

EDSON. Don't ask him, Baker. He'll just confuse you.

CARTER. It makes me a king because I'm master over all I survey.

BAKER. Big deal, I am, too.

CARTER. Yes, but I can look further than you can because I'm higher.

EDSON. So you're higher. So what? You can't see any further than the wall no matter how high you are.

CARTER. How do you know?

EDSON. What do you mean?

CARTER. How do you know that I can't look further? How do you know?

EDSON. Because I can see everything you can.

CARTER. No, you can't. I can see clearer and further. I can see outside the room, even.

BAKER. You can not, Carter. There are no windows.

CARTER. The wall is transparent higher up. Why, I can see for miles.

BAKER. Do you think he really can, Edson?

EDSON. Of course not. He's just making it up.

BAKER. But what if he isn't?

EDSON. He is, I tell you.

BAKER. It isn't fair that he should have the chair all to himself. It just isn't fair.

CARTER. What are you two whispering about?

EDSON. Nothing, Carter. Nothing that would interest you.

CARTER. You're talking about me, aren't you?

BAKER. What if we are? If we want to talk about you, we will.

CARTER. You have no right to talk about me.

EDSON. Well, if you can look for miles, we can talk about you.

CARTER. All right. I won't look out of the room, if you won't talk about me.

BAKER. Agreed.

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

BAKER. Could you really see for miles, Carter?

CARTER. I don't want to talk about it.

EDSON. Of course he couldn't.

BAKER. How do you know, though? Maybe he really could.

CARTER. You said you wouldn't talk about me.

BAKER. I'm sorry, Carter. I won't do it again.

CARTER. You better not.

EDSON. I think it's only fair that you share your chair with us, Carter.

CARTER. It's not a chair. It's mountains.

BAKER. Well, then, you should share your mountains.

CARTER. Don't be silly. How can you share them? You can't move mountains.

BAKER. We could come to them.

CARTER. Oh, no, you don't. I know what you're up to. Well, you're not going to come into my territory.

EDSON. If you won't share the chair with us, then give us some of your property.

CARTER. I will not. Why should I?

BAKER. Because with the chair, you've got more than we have.

CARTER. Of course I have. I've been telling you that.

BAKER. But it's not fair.

CARTER. Will you stop that "it's not fair" business. I'm sick of hearing it.

*[EDSON makes a grab for the chair, but CARTER moves it farther into his territory.]*

CARTER. You leave my chair alone. It's mine! *Mine!*

BAKER. Well, I still have the door. And you can't get out of here unless you come onto my property.

CARTER. What good is the door? You can't open it from the inside.

BAKER. But I've got it. And that's as good as a chair.

*[EDSON moves closer to Carter's border.]*

CARTER. You stay away from my border, do you understand?  
Stay away!

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

*[Suddenly, EDSON moves into a corner of Carter's property.]*

CARTER. Get off my property.

EDSON. It's mine, now.

CARTER. It is not. Now get off.

EDSON. I know what you were going to do with that chair. You were going to use it to invade us. Go on, admit it. Well, I beat you to it.

*[While they are engaged, BAKER moves into the opposite end of Carter's property.]*

BAKER. And I claim this piece for the same reason.

CARTER. *[Rushes to him]* You get off. That's my property. *[He pushes Baker.]*

BAKER. *[Pushing back]* Edson was right. You were planning to attack us. You weren't satisfied with your own territory. You wanted ours, too.

CARTER. Why should I want yours? I'm happy with what I have.

EDSON. Don't give us that. You wanted our land, too.

CARTER. I did not. I didn't want it. Really, I didn't.

EDSON. Don't try to fool us, Carter.

CARTER. All right, then. If you're going to take my land, I'll take yours. *[He moves to Down Center and straddles their border with a foot in each area.]*

EDSON. You stay out of my land, do you hear?

BAKER. You see? You see? Didn't I say that's what you were after all along? *[Pushes him back into his own territory and takes the chair]*

CARTER. That's my chair!

BAKER. Was your chair. I claim it by right of conquest.

CARTER. It's mine! Mine! You have no right to take it.

EDSON. It should be mine, Baker. After all, you have the door.

BAKER. I'll be fair about it. You can have the door.

EDSON. What good to me is a door on the other side of your property?

BAKER. Yeah, how about that?

CARTER. I want it back, do you hear, Baker? It's mine and I want it back.

BAKER. Well, you can't have it. [*He stands on it.*] Now, I'm God!

EDSON. [*Moves to corner of Baker's property*] I claim this territory in order to protect my borders from invasion.

BAKER. You get away from there.

CARTER. [*Moves to opposite corner of Baker's property*] And I claim this territory for the same reason.

BAKER. [*Gets off chair and pushes Carter*] Get off my land. Get off!

[*While they struggle, EDSON moves to get the chair. CARTER eludes BAKER and goes after Edson.*]

CARTER. No, Edson. It's mine! You can't have it! It's mine!

EDSON. It's my turn to have it!

BAKER. [*Joins the engagement*] No, it's mine! I won it! It's mine!

[*They wrestle over the chair with increasing violence. The door opens and DR. HENNING enters.*]

HENNING. Gentlemen! That's enough. It's over!

BAKER. I won it!

EDSON. It's my turn now!

[*In their struggle the door is closed and the light comes on.*]

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

HENNING. It's over, gentlemen. It's over!

[*HENNING pulls Carter away from the melee.*]

CARTER. It's my chair and he took it!

HENNING. It's just a game, Carter.

CARTER. He took it. And I want it back. [*He pulls away from Henning and rejoins the fray.*]

EDSON. It's my turn. My turn!

HENNING. The game's over. It's over. Now, stop it!

[*They continue to struggle and HENNING tries futilely to stop them. The chair is wrenched from Baker's hands. He pauses for a moment to catch his breath. He sees that HENNING is on his property.*]

BAKER. This land belongs to Baker. You're not Baker. I'm Baker!

HENNING. I'm Henning. Remember?

BAKER. Get off!

[*BAKER pushes Henning into Edson's territory. EDSON pushes him into Carter's and CARTER pushes him back. The chair is forgotten now while the interloper is being dealt with.*]

EDSON. This land belongs to Edson. You're not Edson. I'm Edson.

HENNING. I'm Dr. Henning.

EDSON. Get off! [*Pushes him*]

CARTER. This land belongs to Carter. You're not Carter. I'm Carter. Get off! [*Pushes him*]

BAKER. Get off my property. Get off, it's mine!

HENNING. It's just a game, Baker. Just a game.

[*Light*]

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

EDSON. Get off my land! It's mine! Mine! [*Pushes him*]

CARTER. You're after my chair, too, aren't you? Well, you won't get it. [*Pushes him*]

HENNING. What's wrong with you! I said that the game is over.

*[He is pushed back and forth from one territory to another with increasing violence.]*

CARTER. Get off! It's my land!

EDSON. Get off! It's my land!

BAKER. Get off! It's my land!

*[Light]*

TOGETHER. "This is my land. It is mine. It is beautiful, and it is mine."

*[HENNING is pushed down onto the floor. He is pummeled and kicked.]*

HENNING. No, please! It's just a game...just a game!

*[CARTER picks up the chair and holds it over his head. HENNING sees it. He has just enough time to scream in terror before the chair descends.]*

*[Light]*

*[CARTER raises the chair again and with a measured stroke strikes again and again and again...]*

TOGETHER. "This is MY land. It is MINE. It is BEAUTIFUL, and it is MINE!"

*[Blackness]*

The End